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THE
MARRIED MENS FEAST,

OR,

The Banquet at

BARNET.

Being

An Invitation to all those married persons
who are Master over their Wives to a great dinner provided
at Barnet on Michaelmas-day next.

Together

With the Articles to be enquired on of all
those that are to be admitted to the Feast, with the several
dishes and dainties provided for them.

*Come all away do not this Feast neglect
Unlest it be such men as are Hen-peckt,
For these there is no Room as you shall see
The others Welcome, Welcome, Welcome be.*

L O N D O N,

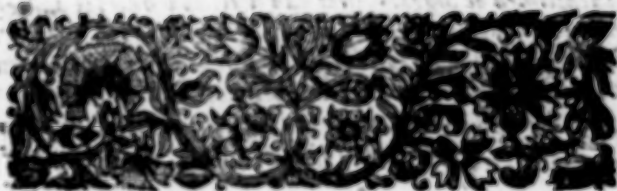
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The Married Mens Feast.

Come ill away to this jovial Feast, unless you intend to go in the *Hen peckt-Frigget*, what let a woman domineer over you, call you Rogue, Rascal, perhaps Cuckold, nay and not belys you neither, for shame suffer it not, teach her manners with a Crabstree Cudgel, she will never love variance after it, and so by consequence be the less saucy. Loose not the prerogative that is due to your Sex, to see a domineering Wife and a submissive Husband, is as proper as a sight, as to see a knave in an honest Mans Doublet, or a Horse-courser professing honesty.

Aquavita for a Warriour, hang her Jade, hang her.

But my invitation is not to such Milk-sops that are Crow-trodden, or rather Hagg-ridden, (as all are that are *Hen-pecky*;) but to those Sons of *Mars*, *Hellena's* fellows, who knowing the Saddle belongs to their place refuse to hold the Stirrup.

Brave Marstonists who see it to lead such lives,

As be are-top'd by domineering wives,

Who though their tongues like peals of Gun-shot Thunder

Maintain their right and keep such dam'd Shrows under.

To all such, and none but such does my invitation belong, and therefore if you are thus qualified, come boldly forth and hearken to the words of the Crier,

O Yes, O Yes, O Yes.

All manner of Married persons, high or low, rich or poor, wise or simple,

Simple, Gentlemen or Beggars, that can truly and honestly answer in the affirmative to all these questions hereafter mentioned; you are hereby invited **Gratis** to a special Feast provided for you at **Barnet**, in the County of **Hertford** upon **Michaelmas** day next between the hours of **eleven and twelve**, where you shall be accommodated with all things necessary for the dignity of such a Feast, and persons of so deserving merits.

The Questions.

1. Does your Wife in the Winter time warm your bed for you against you are ready to go in it, or if she have no coals ready, does she go into your place herself, and warm the same with her buttocks against your coming thereat?

2. Is she ready to run when you command her to fetch a pint of Beer, Ale, or the like, and does she make you a low courtesy when she delivers the pot?

3. Does she ask you leave at any time when she goes abroad, and does she not stay above the prefixed time that you allow her?

4. Does she rise before you in the Morning, and make you a stir against your rising, with any you slippers or shoes against your putting them on?

5. Does she if dinner or supper be ready when you are at the Ale-house or Tavern, submissively say for your coming home, and not eat one bit thereof until you are come.

6. If thou chance to be intoxicated with the joye of Bacchus, by drinking supernaculum, or stealing a loaf out of the Brewers basket, does thy wife the next morning make thee a Posset or a Candle, saying pray Husband drink this it is good to settle your head, and if thou refuse to do it, or seem to be angry with her for troubling thee, does she put Viper in the eye and weep.

7. Does she keep silence when you bid her hold her peace and not talk in her sleep. In sum, does she go at your command, come at your call, and be obedient to you in every thing she is appointed to do.

If these things she performe: (though you don't ball her)

Tell ere your Wife we will conclude you Master.

But alas where shall men find Wives thus qualified, truly I am afraid they must bespeak them, for there are no such ready made, but on the contrary most Women have tongues as long as a Bell-Rope, and as loud as the Clapper, like to a River always running and making as big a noise as the Cataracts of **Nile**, that deaf all the inhabitants thereas

The premisses considered, it is to be thought there will not be such a great appearance of these *married Masters*, but that the Town of *Dorset* will be able to contain and maintain them all without the help of adjacent Parishes. For you must understand, that though here and there such a Rose may be found amongst so many Nettles, I mean such a wife may by chance be had as may comply with her husbands desires in one of those seven Interrogatories before mentioned, yet she is a Phoenix indeed (*I think she is now dead*) who never offended her Husband, but in all those seven Articles before recited, performeth them all, and every thing else she is by her Husband commanded to do.

And therefore I believe the Butchers may have no great trading for this Feast, since some suppose the leg of a Lark may satisfy all those that can't wear truly their Wives are obedient to them in every thing they are bidden to do, and never offended their husbands in word or deed. Truly for my own part I would give all the Money in my little pocket for such a wife, but as for such women as scold, brawl, scratch and bite, calling their Husbands fool, ass, lobster and wittall, a wife of ginger-bread is better then they.

Yet do not doubt but *English* breeds some such men as without any exceptions may lay claim to dine at this Feast, to which people for their better encouragement I shall acquaint them with the dainties provided for their entertainment.

Imprimis, for an *Ula Padida* the hearts of four Game-Cocks, first par-boil'd in the teats of a woman that cries because she cannot have the will of her Husband, then added to them the brains of eight Cock-sparrows, mix with the pith or marrow of two town-bulls, and so served up with Crab-tree sauce.

2. The roasted wings of four mounting Lark to be divided into two messes, the one for the upper end, the other the lower end of the table.

3. A Phoenix *pro* because rare men deserve rare meat, which is to be made Cast o'wile, with a sprig of palm or laurel on the top of it be-tokening victory.

4. A dish of several sorts of Tongues, to signifye that being masters of their wives tongues, they may freely eat upon any kind of meat without exceptions.

5. A *Friccass* made of several Rumps carbonado'd, viz. Capons, Sheep, Oxen, &c. all which being well fryed are to be strowed over with the yolks of Turkeys Eggs, and so served up to the Table.

6. A dish of Fish consisting of *Carp* and *Pom*, which is to be all eaten up, to signifie that all discontents in their wives is devoured.

7. If the Company should increase bigger then is expected, as to be a dozen persons or so, then there is seventhly to be a Gammon of Bacon pye, to make them relish their liquor the better, to sing *Old Rose* and to drink a health to all those who will not so much unman themselves as to be brought into subjection by a domineering woman.

Thus you see that as the Articles they are to be inquired of are seven, so the dishes of meat they are to be fed withall are likewise seven, there is also to be provided for them to drink seven several sorts of English Liquors, viz. 1. *Spider*, whose Anagram is *Dessy*. 2. *Perry*. 3. *Mead*. 4. *Brackit*. 5. *Pumparkin*. 6. *Ale*. 7. *Beer*. Then after they have din'd they are also to be accommodated with seven several sorts of wine, viz. 1. *Claret*. 2. *White-Wine*. 3. *Rhenish-Wine*. 4. *Aduscadine*. 5. *Ipperas*. 6. *Maliga*. And 7. *Canary* the King of all wines, far surpassing all those Liquors the antient Poets do write of, as *Helicon*, *Tempe*, *Aganippe*, the *Pegasean* Fountain, the *Thespian* Spring, the *Muses* well, and abundance of such other unknown, rich invisible Regalies.

Sack does surpass them all to my own knowledge,

At Wisdomea School I'm pass'd, Gotam Collidge.

* Honest Mr. B. *Were I in Smith-field Rounds for, & Georges sake*

One Glass to meet my Muse thereof I'd take.

But when I once get into the praise of *Sack*, see how loath I am to get out of it, for the Anagram of *Sack* being *Cack*, when like *Diogenes* I am within the *Cask*, I could live and dye there. But let us proceed to tell you.

The manner how this Feast is to be Offered on to the Table.

Before the dishes, first march six Trumpeters playing on Bagpipes the tune of *Chivy Chase*, a very martial tune.

In the second place go four *Musmakers* alias *Fiddlers* playing on *Jew-harps*, vulgarly called by the boys of our town *Jew-trumps*.

Then just before the dishes two lusty men, such as was *Ascapart* Page to *Bew* of *Southampton*, to make way, and to keep the people off from thronging upon the Servitors.

Then marches a Gentleman Usher in a Red Scarlet Cloak, with white Silver Lace upon it.

After that comes the Servitors bare-headed, with the dishes in their hands being all of them *Henspecks* fellows, and therefore wearing ropes about their shoulders instead of towels, to signify what they deserve for suffering their wives to become their Masters.

Thus have I given you a brief description of those dishes of dainties provided for the Feast, a dinner so rare that *Lucullus* nor *Pericles* in those two famous *Romans* so eminent for the *Gusto* had never the like. And now methinks I hear the men of the Country discoursing of this Feast, one of them asking the other, what Neighbor do you intend to go to *Barnet* on *Michaelmas* day to this great dinner, to which the other (sighing) makes this reply, Oh neighbor I would I could lawfully do it, but my wife must be taken down thirteen paces lower before I can be capable of so great a blessing, for the other day going to the Ale-house with a Customer of mine, though I staid not above a quarter of an hour, and spent but only one single two pence, yet when I came home, her clock did so go, and her tongue rung such a thundring peal, that two Mill-Clappers, three hand guns, and four peices of Ordnance could not make a greater noise, so that I was forced to beg her pardon and desire her to be quiet, to the ever uncapacitating me of being capable for eating of *Phoenix-pye* at *Barnet* on a *Michaelmas* day.

But women are not only domineering over their husbands, but now a days they are grown to such a height that every *Wingspinner* will be domineering both in words and blows over other men.

First scold and rail their patience to perplex

And then with Law-suits seek them for to vex.

And therefore let every one have care how they marry, *Mistress* being asked by *Pys* why he married his Son being so young and before he was wife (said he) if my Son grow to be wife he will never marry.

Then let all Land-men that would not go to Sea, in the *Hen-peck* Frigate, at their first intiation into the Race of Matrimony, be sure to keep the bridle in their own hands, they be not jade-ridden by a scolding wife, for win the day at first and you may with ease keep it afterwards, but if (sic on such a but) you yield the day at first, your case is very pitiful, yes so pitiful that were so a man riding up *Holborn-hill* Westward for Flounders, I know none worse.

Fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd for this you may protest,

Those that are Hen-peck'd come not to this Feast.

P I N T S.

